

© 1955  
SIX-GUN HEROES  
A Charlton Publication

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
C.C.  
2015  
AUTHORITY

DECEMBER  
10¢

# Six-Gun Heroes



FEATURING...  
**the GUNMASTER**

in "KILLERS'  
GUNS!"

ANNIE OAKLEY



WYATT EARP



LASH LA RUE



"I don't care what your age is! Whether you're a teenager, in your 20's, 30's, 40's, or 50's. Just **BURN** me your LAST CHANCE COUPON below checking the **KIND** of HE-MAN BODY YOU DESIRE FAST and I'LL SEND YOU absolutely FREE 6 AMAZING PICTURE-PACKED COURSES LISTED BELOW that show you no matter what your age or condition

Formerly \$3.00 each. MILLIONS were sold at \$1.00

# How to GAIN up to 50 LBS. of MIGHTY MUSCLES! or How to Change FAT into MUSCLES FAST!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MOLDER OF HANDSOME HE-MEN and CHAMPS out of WEAKLINGS says  
**"SKINNY or FAT, I'LL BUILD YOU into A NEW ATHLETIC STREAMLINED MIGHTY-MUSCLED HE-MAN**

as I have for 35 years re-built MILLIONS like you!"

Sincerely yours for Physical Perfection . . .

**Are YOU SKINNY like I was?**

a 92 LB. WRESTLING WINNER  
with NO ABS &  
NO MUSCLE



*George F. Jewett*

"I'm on just 18 THRILLING MINUTES a day in the SECRET of YOUR OWN ROOM at home. MY RAPID-FIRE EASY-as-ABC FAMOUS PICTURE METHODS will start building you THE VERY FIRST NIGHT! I'll show you How to Hold the IRONIC ARMS of MIGHTY. A BIG DEEP 48 INCH CHEST housing TIRELESS LUNGS, MUCH MANLY SHOULDERS — A BROAD BRAWNY BACK, LEADING to A SLENDER WAIST with punch-proof STOMACH MUSCLES, LEGS of RUNNING POWER! and with these you get a POWERFUL PERSONALITY that WINS YOU NEW FRIENDS, MORE MONEY, NEW SUCCESS, AMAZING NEW PLEASURES.

PEP Your Soreness Away can soon be like that of John 3:10 and thousands of my pupils find it — a simple wading lesson becomes a MASTERCHEMIST OF MUSCLES and you are fit, slim, SWIFT, RAPID, No name accomplishment required on end, and \$100. All of which you can do well! A few weeks before everybody asked me like, 'Is he tall? Is he light? Is he strong? TOOK IT EVERYBODY, unaware, John's physique built him STRONGLY

his mighty ABS, IRONIC CHEST, SWIFT WAIST, rock-hewn TORSO, broad muscle BACK, wide military SHOULDERS, new proportions. His winning drive in ALL SPORTS, his energy at work and studies. BUT I don't want how strong of body you are now, if you're in your Twenties, Thirties, or Forties, I'll show you in just 10 thrilling months in your home, how you can make yourself just by this easy, quick method I taught myself from teach to WORLD CHAMPION

THIS IS AN ACTUAL PHOTO of YOUR TRAINER, George F. Jewett, known as a record-breaking expert, winning thousands of the WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MEDALS and MEDALLIONS including the "WORLD'S BEST BODY BUILDER" — A TIMES WINNER OF WORLD'S STRONGEST and MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN.

Send me YOUR LAST CHANCE COUPON below. CATCH the BODY you want and I'll show you absolutely FREE

if you're SKINNY

**HOW to GAIN up to 50 LBS. of MIGHTY MUSCLES**

If you're SKINNY, here GOES all with you,

to CHANGE YOUR FLAB into HANDSOME MUSCLE fast



"Enter" they called me

of course, and became a  
HE-AMERICA, a WORKER in  
ALL SPORTS,  
Popular,  
Self-confident  
Great Athlete.  
I began to look like  
my father and mother!

LAST

17 LBS.

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CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

# THE GUNMASTER

WHEN GENTRY COLE AND THE APACHE TWINS RODE INTO RANHIDE, THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM THE CHILL WIND OF VIOLENT DEATH! THEY MEANT TO LOOT RANHIDE BEFORE THEY RODE ON! WHO COULD STOP THEM? THE AGING, ARTHRITIC SHERIFF... EBENEZER CROTCH, THE GUNSMITH...OR HISTIMID APPRENTICE, CLAY BOONE? NONE OF THEM COULD...ONLY THE GUNMASTER, COULD SILENCE... **THE KILLERS' GUNS!**



## SIX - GUN HEROES

THE DEADLIEST TRIO EMPTIED RANHIDE'S MAIN STREET IN SECONDS...

COME ON, BOYS, BEFORE I'M HERE! GET WE WRECK THIS TOWN. I WANT TO GET MY GUNS CHECKED AND GET MORE AMMUNITION!

THEY'RE COMING OUT THE BACK. NINN, CLAY! YOU'RE FEAR-FROZEN ALREADY -- IF THEY SAID BOO, YOU'D FAINT!

DON'T GO INTO THE SHOP, NINN! THERE ARE THREE KILLERS IN THERE!

SO YOU LEAVE MY GRANDFATHER TO FACE THEM? THAT'S TYPICAL OF YOU, CLAY BOONE! YOU'RE A CONNARD!



IN THE GUNSMITH'S SHOP, GANTRY COLE AND HIS TOWN COURIERS OF DEATH WERE MAKING KNOWN THEIR WANTS...

NO, MISTER COLE, I WILL NOT...



# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

IN THE STREET OUTSIDE, THE GUN MASTER MADE HIS FIRST MOVE IN THE DEADLY CHESS GAME THAT WOULD END IN ONE LAST MOVE TO BOOT HILL...



ONE OF THE APACHES WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO TRY IT... THE GUN MASTER'S ELOQUENT GUNS DROVE HIM BACK...

GO ON, BOYS!  
GET HIM!



COME OUT! TELL HIM TO LEAVE, MISTER!  
GENTRY COLE!

HE MUST KNOW YOU -- TELL  
HIM TO SCAT OR I PULL  
THIS TRIGGER!



I'M COMING IN  
AFTER YOU!

HE'S LOCOS!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

# WIN A BEAUTIFUL SIGNET RING

Ring is a real beau-tiful Made of sturdy nickel silver, polished and rhodium plated for bright long wear. Size is quickly adjustable to fit any finger.

DON'T  
WAIT!  
MAIL  
COUPON  
NOW!

BE FIRST  
WIN YOUR  
VERY OWN  
SIGNET  
RING

ENGRAVED WITH YOUR OWN INITIAL

IT'S FUN! IT'S EASY!

★ All you do is... ★

NAME THESE FAMOUS U. S. PRESIDENTS



Just Get All 4 Right... We'll Send Your

**GENUINE NICKEL SILVER SIGNET RING ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

(A really terrific ring—made up with your own initial)

Also we'll mail BIG CATALOG showing many things you can get: Bikes, Dolls, Guns, Watches, etc. You'll be tickled pink and proud as a peacock to wear this strikingly beautiful ring. Wait till you see it! And it's so easy to win. Simply check on coupon the correct names of the 4 Famous American Presidents shown in the pictures above and mail to us. If you name all 4 Presidents correctly, we'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE your OWN PERSONAL SIGNET RING—made up with your own

initial (you may have your choice of first letter of either first or last name.) Also, we will send you big FREE CATALOG of wonderful PREMIUMS—Bikes, Wind Watches, Guns, Dolls, Cameras and dozens of others—and tell you how to get them. Simply offer White CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, easily sold to friends, relatives and neighbors, of \$0.60 a package, and choose your PREMIUM or CASH COMMISSION. But right now, name correctly the Presidents shown above and get your BEAUTIFUL SIGNET RING—ABSOLUTELY FREE! Rush coupon today!

HURRY! HURRY! CHECK YOUR ANSWERS ON THE COUPON...

Then mail coupon to win your BEAUTIFUL SIGNET RING

Win genuine Nickel Silver SIGNET RING—ABSOLUTELY FREE! Just name correctly the 4 Famous American Presidents pictured above. Check names on coupon—fill in rest of coupon and mail by air. IT'S EASY TO WIN—ACT NOW!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!  
WIN A BEAUTIFUL SIGNET RING!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99-12 Tyrone, Pa.

Famous American Presidents shown in pictures above (check 4 only):  
 George Washington    Theodore Roosevelt    Thomas Jefferson  
 Abraham Lincoln    Ulysses S. Grant    James Madison

If I am a winner, rush me GENUINE NICKEL SILVER SIGNET RING and 14 packages of White CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE in net or 30c a package. I will remit amount asked within 30 days; select a PREMIUM or keep CASH COMMISSION as explained under Premium in Catalog sent with order; postage paid to me!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_ NO. BOX \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

I want my Ring with this initial:

PRINT LAST NAME HERE: \_\_\_\_\_

Postage coupon air mail card or mail in envelope today!

**WILSON CHEMICAL CO.**  
DEPT. 99-12 TYRONE, PA.

# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!



NAN WASN'T FAR AWAY / GANTRY COLE HAD RUN INTO HER ON HIS WAY OUT THE BACK DOOR! AND HE DIDN'T MISS HIS OPPORTUNITY ...



## SIX - GUN HEROES

THE GIRL'S VOICE SOUNDED ALL RIGHT TO GANTRY COLE... BUT THE GUN MASTER KNEW HER VOICE TOO WELL / HE HEARD THE SUPPRESSED FEAR IN IT...

HURRY, GUN  
MASTER!

LOOK OUT, GUN MASTER!

BAM!

AIEEE!



BAM!  
BAM!

I'LL GET HIM!



BAM!



IT WAS OVER... THREE WOUNDED MEN HAD ONCE TO BE JAILED... AND THE TOWN ONCE MORE OWE ITS THANKS TO THE GUN MASTER, WHO HAD...

DISAPPEARED!  
GONE LIKE A SHADOW AFTER SUNDOWN!

GUNSMITH

HE WAS WONDERFUL, CLAY! I'LL NEVER LOVE ANN MAN BUT HIM / SO BRAVE / SO GOOD / IF ONLY...

YES, MAN! IF ONLY... BUT IT PROBABLY CAN NEVER BE!



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

# WYATT EARP

## • Gun-Crazy Marshal

THAT'S THE WAY THE TOWN THOUGHT OF WYATT EARP... HIS ENEMIES WERE CLEVER! THEY HAD NO INTENTION OF FACING THE FRONTIER LAWMAN'S ROARING COLTS! INSTEAD, REEF HOLLISTER AND HIS GANG USED RUMORS AND SHEERS AND WHISPERED LIES TO BLACKEN MARSHAL EARP'S NAME!

SEE THAT, MASON? WYATT EARP'S GUN-CRAZY! HE THREW DOWN ON THOSE TWO MEN WITHOUT WARNING! THEY'RE FIRING IN SELF-DEFENSE!

LOOKED THE OTHER WAY AROUND TO ME,  
HOLLISTER! THEY  
GUNNED WYATT  
FIRST!

POW

BLAM  
BLAM

6777

GET DOWN, MISTER,  
AND WALK TOWARD  
THE JAIL!

JAIL? FOR WHAT? YOU  
SHOT AT ME FIRST!

MARSHAL EARP FIRED  
THE FIRST SHOT, FOLKS!  
WE GOING TO LET  
HIM HIDE BEHIND  
HIS BADGE AND  
HIS FANCY  
GUNS FOR-  
EVER? THAT  
MAN IS  
INNOCENT!



## SIX - GUN HEROES

YOU SENT THOSE MEN TO GET ME, HOLLISTER! IF YOU WANT ME DEAD, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE A TRY?



I'M NOT A FOOL, BARP! YOU'VE GOT FREAK SPEED WITH GUNS, BUT, WITH-OUT THEM, YOU'D BE A YELLOW PUP!

I'LL SHED THE GUNS IN YOUR CASE, HOLLISTER!



THE BADGE TOO, MARSHAL! IF I LICKED YOU WHILE YOU WORE THAT BADGE, I COULD GO TO PERSON!

SO WHATT GARP UNPINNED HIS MARSHAL'S BADGE AND HANDED IT TO THE SAME MAN WHO HELD HIS GUNS!

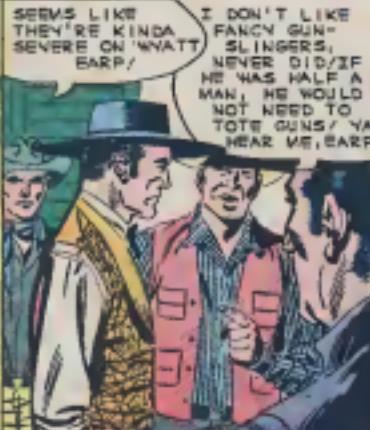


ALL RIGHT, BARP, YOU'RE THROUGH! GET OUT OF THIS TOWN! YOU'LL WALK BECAUSE NO MAN HERE WILL DARE GIVE YOU A HORSE OR A GUN!

YOU HEARD THE BOSS, BARP! START WALKIN'! IF ANYONE IS LOCO ENOUGH TO TRY TO HELP YOU, HE'LL GET A BULLET FROM MY GUNS!



BEFORE HOLLISTER MADE HIS MOVE, HE HAD PREPARED THE LOCAL CITIZENS WELL... WITH LIES AND MORE LIES REPEATED COUNTLESS TIMES UNTIL THEY WERE BELIEVED!



SEEMS LIKE THEY'RE KINDA SEVERE ON WHATT BARP!

I DON'T LIKE FANCY GUN-SLINGERS, NEVER DID! IF HE WAS HALFA A MAN, HE WOULD NOT NEED TO TOTE GUNS! YA HEAR ME, BARP?

HE HEARD YA, MIKE! HANHANHANH!

**SPLATT**



# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

WYATT EARP CLEANED UP THIS TOWN FOR US! HE WAS NOT A GUNSLINGER, HE WAS A GOOD PEACE OFFICER!

SHUT UP, FRIENDS!



HOLLISTER HAD WANTED THE TOWN WIDE OPEN... NOH, WYATT EARP GONE!, HE'D HANE IT ALL TO HIMSELF!

OPEN THE TABLES/ PASS THE WORD TO THE BUSINESS-MEN IN TOWN I WANT TEN PER CENT OF EVERY HONEST DOLLAR AND HALF OF EVERY DIRTY BUCK THAT'S MADE!



SOME OTHER TIEF WOULD TRY TO GRAB THIS TOWN! I GRABBED IT FIRST AND I AIM TO HOLD IT TIGHT WITH BOTH HANDS!

MEANWHILE, HOLLISTER'S PRETTY STUPID! I HAD NO CHARGES TO JAIL HIM ON TILL TODAY!

BUT HE SHOWED HIS HAND NOW! IF I TAKE HIM AND HIS GUNNIES AT THE SAME TIME, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF MEN WILLING TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT FRIEND HOLLISTER!



## SIX - GUN HEROES

HOLLISTER HAD GUNSLINGERS POSTED... IT WAS ONE OF THOSE MEN WHATT EARP WENT TO FOR A GUN!



WALK AHEAD OF ME, MISTER! WE'RE GOING TO SEE HOLLISTER! IF YOU'RE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO TRY ANYTHING, YOU'LL DESERVE WHAT YOU GET!



THE MARSHAL HAD HOLLISTER'S MAN WALKING AHEAD OF HIM WHEN HE CAME TO THE CASINO SALOON, HOLLISTER'S HEADQUARTERS...

HOLLISTER, I'M TAKING YOU TO JAIL!



# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

THEY WON'T LET YOU SHOOT ME DOWN, EARP! THE DECENT PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN KNOW YOU...

THEY KNOW THAT YOUR LIES ALMOST PUT THEM UNDER YOUR THUMB FOR LIFE! I DON'T NEED A GUN NOW!

HOLLISTER'S MEN GAPED AT THE FIGHTING MARSHAL AS HE HANDED HIS GUN TO A CITIZEN...

HERE, MURPH, HOLD THIS! WATCH HIS GUNHANDS!

YOU'VE GOT FRIENDS HERE, MARSHAL! GO TO IT!



HOLLISTER KNEW IT WAS THE END...LIKE A CORNERED RAT, HE LEAPED TOWARD EARP!



KEEP 'EM HIGH, MISTER! LET THE MARSHAL DO HIS WORK!

LATER...WITH HOLLISTER AND HIS GANG ROUNDED UP, THE WHISPERS HAD DIED. MARSHAL WYATT EARP HAD BEATEN YET ANOTHER OUTLAW WEAPON...THE BIG LIE!

MISTER EARP, I'M NOT TOO SMART. THAT BUNCH FOOLED ME! HOPE YOU WON'T HOLD IT AGAINST ME!

HOPE YOU WON'T HOLD WHAT I DID AGAINST ME, MIKE! HOLLISTER ALMOST HAD ME CONVINCED!



SIX - GUN HEROES

# Annie Oakley

in 'ANNIE AIN'T A GENTLEMAN'

ANNIE HEARD THE COLT BOOM IN THE STREET OUTSIDE ANN LUDDEEN'S STORE AND HEADED FOR THE STREET! SHE SAW BIG ABE BONDRY'S SMOKING SIX-GUN... AND ABE COCKING IT TO THROW ANOTHER SLUG AT KIRK SOMERS...

NO, BONDRY,  
DON'T DO...

YEEOWWW!  
TURN ME  
LOOSE!!

BLAM!

CHASIN'

6800

LOOK AT ANNIE / ABE BONDRY GOT  
SOMERS SCARED BUT NOT HER !

BETTER GET OFF THE  
STREET BEFORE  
BONDRY GETS  
UP, SOMERS /  
HE'S PROBABLY  
GOT GOOD  
REASON  
FOR TRYING  
TO KILL  
YOU !

THAT'S A LIE!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



## SIX - GUN HEROES

YOU CALLIN' ME A LAR, SOMERS? YOU'RE PRETTY SLICK GENT! YOU'VE PULLED MORE SHADY DEALS / I COULD SUE YOU FOR TALKING THAT WAY ABOUT ME!



NOT BOTHERING TO ANSWER, SOMERS, ANNIE OAKLEY TURNED ANGRY... AFRAID SHE'D LOSE HER TEMPER, AND DO SOMETHING UNLADYLIKE...

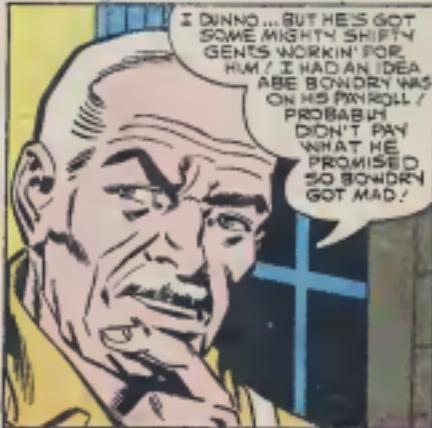
THAT ANNIE IS SHAMELESS! NOT A BIT WOMANISH!

TALKIN' THATANNY TO NICE LITTLE MR. SOMERS! HE'S A GENTLEMAN!



THE DEPUTY SHERIFF JUST HAULED BONDY OFF TO JAIL ANNIE! RECKON THE WRONG MAN'S UNDER ARREST?

MOST LIKELY! WHAT'S SOMERS BEEN UP TO LATELY?



THINGS IS SUMMER-ED DOWN SOME IN TOWN... ANNIE RETURN-ED TO HER RANCH AND DID THE CHORES SHE USUALLY TOOK CARE OF...



# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!



## SIX - GUN HEROES

ANNIE WALKED INTO THE BANK  
SAW THE WRECKED VAULT,  
THEN WENT TO THE BACK  
DOOR, THE OUTLAWS USED...

THAT'S THE BACK OF KIRK  
SOMERS' OFFICE -- RIGHT  
NEXT DOOR TO THE BANK!

THAT DOOR HASN'T STAN  
BEEN OPENED THAT WAY  
LATELY! FROM  
MR. BUILDING.  
ANNIE OAKLEY!

SOMERS, YOU'RE A CROOK! I  
WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF  
YOU KNOW WHO ROBBED  
THE BANK -- AND WHERE THEY  
ARE RIGHT NOW!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH INSULTS  
FROM YOU, MARKO.  
GRAB HER!

THE SHUTTERS SWUNG OPEN  
SUDDENLY... MARKO, THE MAN  
INSIDE, GRABBED ANNIE OAKLEY  
IN A GRIP OF STEEL...

I GUESSED RIGHT!  
YOU DID PLAN  
THE ROBBERY,  
SOMERS!

SHUT UP,  
PRETTY  
FACE,  
ANNIE!



# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!



SIX - GUN HEROES

# WILD BILL HICKOK

IN 'DON FOR A DAY'

THE LONELY GIRL IN THE MANTILLA OF PRICELESS  
LACE STOOD ALONE ON THE LEDGE WHEN THE  
STALKING PUMA MADE HIS LEAP... BUT WILD  
BILL HICKOK, STILL YEARS AWAY FROM MATURE-  
HOOD AND THE FAME HE'D FIND IN ABILENE  
AND TOMBSTONE AND DODGE CITY, WAS ON  
HAND. HE HAD NO WEAPON... EXCEPT THE  
HEAVY BOWIE KNIFE GRIPPED IN HIS FIST!



6831

THE CLAWS BAKED LIKE WHITE-HOT IRONS...  
THE SOUR, FETID STENCH OF THE CATA-  
MOUNT'S DEADLY BREATH WAS WEAKENING...

SEÑOR, YOU WILL  
BE KILLED!



SUDDENLY...

BLAM! ARRGH!  
BAM!



# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

THE MOUNTAIN LION CONVULSED WITH ONE LAST RAKING SWEEP OF CLAW... AND FELL DEAD...

YOU ARE TERRIBLY INJURED, YANQUI! LET ME TEND YOUR WOUNDS!

I LOOK A LOT WORSEN I FEEL, MATAM!

LOOK TO YOUR MANNERS, SENORITA! STAY AWAY FROM THE YANQUI!



THE YANQUI IS AN UNWELCOME INTERLOPER IN LOWER CALIFORNIA. I AM WAITING TO HEAR HIS LIES EXPLAINING WHY HE IS IN OUR COUNTRY.



MISTER FANCY PANTS, I RECKON I WON'T TELL YOU WHY I'M HERE. POCKET THAT GUN OR USE IT, DO ONE OR THE OTHER!

YOU THINK I WILL NOT SHOOT YOU LIKE AN ANIMAL WHO MENACES WHAT IS MINE? I DO NOT...



DON REFUGIO PEREZ MEANT TO SHOOT... WILD BILL COULD SEE THAT... BUT HE KNEW HE'D DO IT AFTER HIS SPEECH WAS DELIVERED. SO... BILL DIDN'T WAIT...

AYYYYYEEEEE!

BLAM!



UCH!



DON YANQUI... STOP AT ONCE!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

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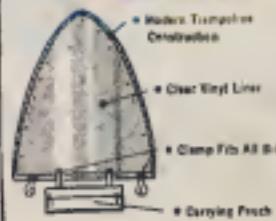
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# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!



## SIX - GUN HEROES

WILD BILL HICKOK WAS STILL THINKING OF THE DARK-EYED ARISTOCRAT AS HE HEARED THE CAMP AT THE RIVER ...

WHAT HAPPENED TO YE, BOY? MEET A CATA-MOUNT?

I... I KISSED A GIRL, SAW!

I HEERED ABOUT THESE SENORITAS BEIN' SURE 'NUFF WILDCATS... THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I SAW PROOF.

ANN, THE GAL DON'T DO THIS, SAY! A CATA-MOUNT CLAMED ME... LISTEN, WHO'S THIS DUDE CALLED DON PEREZ?



IT TOOK WILD BILL HICKOK AN HOUR TO SHINE, TRIM HIS HAIR, AND DON THE UNFAMILIAR RAIMENT... BUT IT WREAKED A MIGHTY CHANGE...



WILD BILL BORROWED A HORSE... HOBARTIS, AND HIS FANCY DADDIE...

DON'T GET CLAMED THIS TIME, BILL!



# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

DON WILD  
BILL HICKOK  
RODE DOWN  
FROM THE  
HILLS... INTO  
THE GROVES  
AND RICH  
FIELDS OF  
DON REFUGIO  
PEREZ /  
THEY SAWN  
HIM COMING  
BUT NONE  
RECOGNIZED  
HIM  
UNTIL IT  
WAS TOO  
LATE ...



WILD BILL  
SEEMED TO  
BE DEDICATING  
ALL HIS  
ATTENTION  
TO THE BLUSH-  
ING GIRL...  
BUT HE HEARD  
THE DEADLY  
SOUND OF  
A COCKING  
GUN /  
AND HE  
ACTED ...



MORE FANCY  
DUDE TRIED  
T'W BACK-  
SHOOT ME,  
MA'AM! ANY-  
THING THAT  
HAPPENS  
FROM NONA  
ON, HE  
DESERVES!

HE DESERVES  
YOUR CONTEMPT,  
MANQUE! BUT  
HAVE PITY FOR  
I LOVE HIM!  
WONT YOU LEAVE  
US... PLEASE?



I ACTED WITHOUT HONOR,  
SEÑOR! YOU TRAPPERS PAID  
WELL FOR THE RIGHT TO WORK  
IN THIS AREA / I WILL OPPOSE  
YOU NO MORE!

THAT'S ALL I  
CAME HERE  
FOR, MISTER!  
ADIOS!



THAT NIGHT, ONCE MORE DRESS-  
ED IN BUCKSKIN BESIDE A  
CAMPFIRE ...

RECKON HE  
LIKED BEING  
A GENTLEMAN,  
SAUL?



# A WESTERN WIZZARD

When it comes to considering the human characteristic traits of a person, there is a tendency on the part of most of us to try to fit people into simple categories. Thus we will say that Jones is brave; Franklin is considerate; Lewis is selfish; Brandon is a coward; Simpson is curious; and Jessup is bewildered. But often we find ourselves puzzled. We are ready to put a person in one category and then events show us he should go into another grouping.

Take the case of Roy Russell and you will see what I mean. At one extreme we have the very shy person who never boasts about anything. Actually he may have nothing about which to boast. But who knows? At the other extreme we have the braggard the man who is always willing to tell you about how wonderful he is. But how do you figure out a person who never tells you what he can do—unless you ask him? This is Roy Russell.

The Bar-Ranch had been owned by the Milton Corporation. It was a large and successful spread, managed by Jeff Handel who in turn was sort of managed by his rather good looking daughter, Francine. Then one day her father got the news. He called the cowboys together and informed them of the change of ownership.

"A fellow by the name of Roy Russell has bought this outfit. I have been told I will continue to be foreman and run things as I have in the past. He will come to live with us on the ranch. We can expect him next Thursday on the afternoon stage from Hampton Point. The letter tells me we should meet him with a wagon or buckboard as he is bringing a lot of luggage."

So on Thursday, Jeff hitched up the buckboard and rode to town with three of the cowboys to accompany him. They waited for the stage at the office and it arrived half an hour earlier than scheduled, but with only one pas-

senger—Roy Russell himself. It seems he took the entire stage and filled it up with his personal luggage.

"Since I intend to remain out here permanently, I thought I would bring most of the items I need. I have a lot more in storage in Boston. I will send for it later."

The cowboys loaded up the luggage into the back of the buckboard and they followed behind.

"Doesn't look much like a fellow who will last out here," commented Dave Cavanagh.

"All you can get from the way a fellow looks is how he looks," grinned Bob Donners. "My mother used to say you can't judge a book by its cover. Suppose we wait and see what happens."

Those last words were really words of wisdom. They arrived at the ranch and Roy Russell met Francine. He went to his room and washed up. Then they had dinner. The cook, Lin Fooy, really did his best, and everything was excellent. Then there was the dessert.

"I baked the apple pie myself," announced Francine at the table. "Isn't it delicious?"

So she asked that question. Maybe things might have been different if she didn't want an answer. She got it. But not what she expected.

"It's terrible though I have managed to eat it," replied the new owner of the ranch.

That was almost enough to make the eyes of any woman fill with tears — but not Francine! She was a true girl of the West. She snapped back at him in a second.

"You could do better?"

"Of course," he replied. "After lunch I will rest for twenty minutes — good for my digestion. Then you come with me into the kitchen, and I will make several apple pies and show you my technique which I learned from my beloved grandmother."

Somehow, when Roy went into the kitchen the boys in the bunkhouse had already learned

of what had taken place. They crowded outside and looked through the window that gave light to the kitchen. They saw him prepare the flour; soak the dried apples; crush some fruits; roll the dough; put everything into the pie plates and then into the oven.

"I don't believe what I saw," said one of the cowboys.

"A boss who could also double as a cook means we get good food on the trail," said another cowboy.

Later, Lin Fooy, came to the bunkhouse, with a big pot of steaming coffee and slices of apple pie. They ate the pie and then admitted the fact.

"Delicious. Can we have more?"

Even Francine had to concede the pie was excellent. She went down gallantly to defeat.

"I hereby admit you are the champion apple pie maker in this country. If you wanted to run a restaurant I bet you would be in big success."

For the next two weeks things were peaceful at the ranch. Roy relaxed but didn't get around to riding a horse.

"Bet he's not much of a rider," said one cowboy.

"But he is a good apple pie maker," replied another.

Theo they brought DEVIL into the corral. Tom Hotchins was the bronco buster. He could handle almost anything called a horse — but this was too much for him. Roy walked up to Francine who was watching DEVIL.

"He should have stayed on," said Roy.

"Could you?" challenged Francine.

"Of course," replied Roy. "You must treat a horse with kindness. I will now show you what I mean."

All the cowboys quickly gathered around to watch what was going to happen. The gates to the corral were opened and Roy walked in slowly. He walked toward the horse with his eyes fixed directly at the head of DEVIL. The horse rushed up to him but Roy didn't budge an inch. Then DEVIL stopped and for about five minutes it looked as though there were two statues in the corral, one of a man and the other of a horse.

Then Roy walked up to the horse and petted him on the head. He adjusted the length of the stirrup and in a second was in the saddle. There was no resistance offered by the horse. Roy walked him for ten minutes and then went into a lope. He dismounted and petted the horse. He opened the gate and came out. Almost instinctively the cowboys cheered him. He looked surprised at their reaction and remarked to Francine.

"One should always be kind to humans and

to animals — then it would be a much better world."

For the next three weeks he rode DEVIL. He saw every part of his ranch. When he returned to the ranch he met Pet Garey who came right to the point.

"Here's a bill for your dues, Mr. Russell. The ranch pays sixty dollars a month."

"For what?" demanded the new owner.

So Roy Russell learned there was a Protective Association in town, run by one Jim Cadigan. For that sum of money you were certain that the rustlers would leave you alone.

"I can handle any rustlers or Mr. Cadigan himself," Roy told the man. "Get off my ranch and stay off. Tell Mr. Cadigan I will see him this evening."

Jeff and Francine did their best to persuade Roy not to go to town. He went to his room and came down with his gun belt.

"You can use that gun!" asked Jeff.

"Better than an expert," replied Roy. "You and some of the men come with me to town. First stop is the sheriff's office."

Sheriff Dunson wasn't prepared for what Roy told him in his office.

"Look at section 234 of the revised laws. It is illegal for any group of men to offer any service which the law is due to render unless they receive a special charter from the state legislature. The number of this charter must be on every bill rendered. It wasn't on my bill. Also all money so collected must be returned with an equal amount for damages. Come on, sheriff, we will enforce this law."

Jim Cadigan was in his office with four of his men, ready for trouble. Sheriff Dunson entered with Roy and Jeff and told them about section 234.

"Just try to arrest me," he snorted.

"I swear Mr. Russell in as a deputy," replied the sheriff. "You are under arrest."

"If you go for your gun, I can shoot your belt off before you get your hand on your gun," announced Roy.

Jim Cadigan went for his gun. There were four shots and his gun belt was on the floor.

"I saw it and I don't believe it," he shivered as he was taken away to jail.

Francine was happy when she saw Roy returned to the ranch. Her father told her the news.

"You're wonderful. A western wizard if ever I saw one," was her reaction.

"Enough of a wizard to get you to change your name to Russell?" he challenged.

"Yes," she replied. "After all, a mortal woman is no match for a male wizard—even our West."

THE END

SIX - GUN HEROES

in "TROUBLESHOOTER"

# LASH LARUE

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS NEVER STOPS, YET IT SEEMED THAT IT WOULD. WHEN THE RAILROAD BEGAN LAYING ITS RAILS ACROSS THE PLAINS, THE SIOUX ROSE UP AND STRUCK, AND THE MARCH OF THE SHINING RAILS SLOWED AND DIED. IT WAS THEN THAT LASH LARUE STEPPED IN AS TROUBLESHOOTER, FOR THE RAILROAD.



SUDDENLY A CRY WENT UP FROM THE CIRCLING SIOUX! THEY TURNED THEIR PAINTED PONIES AND RACED AWAY...

BEGORRA,  
WE TURNED  
'EM!



# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

T'WAS THAT LAST SHOT OF YOURS, MR. LARUE! IT GOT THEIR CHEF!



MR. LARUE, THOSE SAVAGES WILL STRIKE AGAIN, AN' WE NEVER KNOW WHEN! I'LL NOT BE ABLE TO GET THE MEN TO WORK ON THE RAILS UNDER THESE CONDITIONS!

I KNOW...THEY'LL FORT UP HERE WITH GUARDS NIGHT AN' DAY... I CAN'T BLAME THEM!



I'M RIDIN' BACK TO VIRGINIA CITY TO SEE COLONEL CANFIELD! HE'S HEAD OF THIS RAILROAD, MR. BISSE. HE CAN GET THE FEDERAL CAVALRY TO PROTECT YOU!



IN VIRGINIA CITY, LASH MADE HIS WAY DIRECTLY TO COLONEL CANFIELD'S OFFICE...

LASH, MEET KIRK WILSON! OWN'S THE BIGGEST FREIGHTING OUTFIT IN THE WEST! LASH IS THE RAILROAD'S TROUBLE. SHOOTER, KIRK!

I HEAR YOU HAD SOME TROUBLE AT END-OF-TRACK!



YES! THAT'S WHAT I CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT. COLONEL! WORK HAS STOPPED COMPLETELY! THIS IS WHAT THE SIOUX ARE ATTACKING WITH... ARMY ISSUE REMINGTONS, THE NEWEST MODEL!



MY MEN CAN'T WORK AND ALSO FIGHT AGAINST SAVAGES BEARING ARMS LIKE THIS! AND DON'T ASK FOR SOLDIER PROTECTION... THE GOVERNMENT WON'T SEND TROOPS TO PROTECT PRIVATE ENTERPRISE!



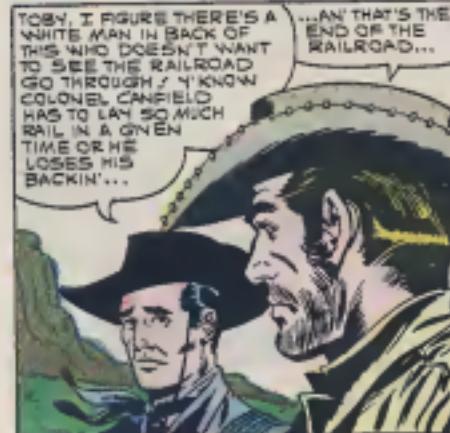
## SIX - GUN HEROES



LASH HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN FINDING HIS GROUP OF GUNHANDS... VIRGINIA CITY HAD MORE THAN HER SHARE OF FAST GUNS SPOILING FOR TROUBLE ...



THE RAILS ADVANCED AGAIN, UNDER THE PROTECTIVE GUNS OF LASH'S FORCE ...



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

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## SIX - GUN HEROES



# CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

ME? YOU'RE LOCO? WHAT  
WOULD I BE DOIN' OUT THERE?

DIRECTING THE GUNMEN  
PLANNIN' INDIAN WHO WERE  
FIRIN' ON THE CAMP!

I CHECKED AND FOUND OUT  
YOUR OUTFIT WAS HANDLING  
GUNS FOR THE ARMY. THEN  
THE PIECES FELL IN PLACE!  
YOUR FREIGHT WAGONS  
COULD BRING WHISKEY AND  
GUNS TO THE SIOUX, AND, IF  
THE RAILROAD WENT  
THROUGH, YOUR BUSINESS  
WOULD GO UNDER...

ALL RIGHT, TAKE HIM, BOYS!  
HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!



SOMETIMES LATER... PROGRESS! A RIBBON  
OF STEEL BRIDGING  
A CONTINENT, LINKING EAST AND WEST!  
A PROUD ACHIEVEMENT, LASH... AND YOU  
HAVE HELPED TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE!



END

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**IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP 14<sup>00</sup>**

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- Always Tired?
- Nervous?
- Shy and Lacking in Confidence?
- Overweight and Short of Breath?
- Looking In The Mirror?
- Fat or Flabby?
- Slow at Sports?
- Do You Want to Gain Weight?
- Tired of being called fat?
- Ashamed of your Half-Man Build?

NOBODY would ever call me an Atlas Champion "Half A Man." They wouldn't dare. And nobody has to tell me for "Second Best" — he "pushed around" by weaker fellows — or so through his feeling HALF-ALIVE. CHARLES ATLAS himself tells you what you can do about it—and FAST—right on this page!

Take a good honest look at yourself! Are you proud of your body or are you satisfied to go through life being just "half the man" you could be?

NO MATTER how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be—how old or young you are—you have the DORMANT muscle power in your God-given body to be a real HE-MAN. Believe me, I know because I was once a 97-pound HALF-ALIVE weakling. People laughed at my build — I was ashamed to strip for sports . . . shy of girls . . . afraid of competition.

Then I discovered the secret that changed me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." The secret I have shared with thousands of fellows to turn them into marvelous physical specimens — REAL HE-MEN from head to toe!

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My Secret is "Dynamic Tension." It's the NATURAL, easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY — while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles swell so big they almost split your coat seams . . . you get sledge hammer fists, a battering ram punch . . . ridges of solid stomach muscle . . . mighty legs that never tire!

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Charles  
Atlas

Holder of the title  
The World's  
Most Perfectly De-  
veloped Man



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GIVEN AWAY

Be the next of  
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strength and a powerful  
build." — W. D. N. Y.



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I am sending you this  
updated showing my won-  
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—R. G., New Jersey

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